

## A Terror of the Deep

ONE of the terrors of the deep is the barracuda, a creature with long jaws and armed with terrible teeth. It is a veritable tiger of the sea, and is more dreaded by fishermen than the tiger shark itself.



# Magazine Page



## This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the founding of Cleveland in 1795, when Moses Cleaveland located the site on which the city now stands. The present spelling was adopted in 1831.

## THE AUCTION BLOCK

Vivid Love Story

By Rex Beach

### A Graphic Story of Metropolitan Stage Life and a Beautiful Girl's Great Sacrifice.

By Rex Beach.

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Silver Horde," "The Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset" and Numerous Other Popular Novels.

MR. ARMISTEAD was of the emotional kind; he leaped to the rescue of his friend; but his first blow was wild. Seizing a chair, he swung it aloft—a maneuver which more effectively distracted Bob's attention—but this attack also failed when Bob's fist buried itself in the spongy region of Mr. Armistead's belt-buckle, and that young man promptly lost all interest in Jimmy Knight's affairs. There had been a time when he might have weathered such a blow, but of late years easy living had left its marks; therefore he sat down heavily, all but missing the chair he had just occupied. His eyes bulged more prominently than usual; he became desperately concerned with a strange difficulty in breathing.

Alert, aggressive, Bob turned to face the man with the swollen ear; but young Sullivan, being a professional fighter, made no capital of amateur affairs, and declined the issue with an upraised palm.

"Friends, eh?" Bob panted.

"Brothers!" heartily ejaculated Sullivan, whereupon Bob failed Jimmy Knight's short cut for the door and proceeded with the purpose of his call.

It was no difficult matter to chastise Jim, whose spirit was as wretched as his strength; as the wind whips a flag, as a man shakes a dusty garment, so did Bob shake his victim. Jim felt his spine crack and his limbs unjoint. His teeth snapped, he bit his tongue, his heels rattled upon the floor. Bob seemed bent upon shaking the bones from his flesh and the marrow from his bones; but, try as he would, Jim could not prevent the outrage. He struggled, he clawed, he kicked, he yelled, his arms thrashed loosely, like the limber appendages to a stuffed figure.

Mr. Armistead, unnaturally pale, remained seated. He emitted harrowing sounds like those made by air leaking into a defective pump. Sullivan looked on with the lively appreciation of a rough-house expert.

When Bob emerged from the rear room he found the barber shop in confusion. Tony was leading a charge at the head of his assistants, who were supported in turn by the customers; but he fell back at sight of the flushed victor.

"It was nothing but a little family affair," Bob reassured him. "Now, if you please, I'll borrow a hair brush." In front of a mirror he tidied himself, settled his scarf with a deft jerk, then he went out whistling. As it was nearly closing time for the matinees, he strolled toward the Circuit Theater, full of a satisfying contentment with the world. Now that he owed it nothing, he resolved to meet his future obligations as they arose.

### NOW DO MY WORK WITH EASE

Because Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored My Health

Hornell, N. Y.—"I was in bad health but there didn't seem to be any one thing the matter with me. I was tired out all over and it was an effort for me to move. I was irritable and could not sleep nights and had trouble with my bowels and at my periods. It seemed that nearly every one around me knew of your medicine and wanted me to try it, so at last I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Tablets and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine improved every day. I do all my own work now except the washing and do it with ease. I can accomplish as much in a day now as it would have taken me a week to do last winter and I try to get every one I know to take your medicine to build them up. You are welcome to use this letter as a testimonial if you like."—Mrs. CHAS. BAKER, 21 Spencer Ave., Hornell, N. Y.

In almost every neighborhood there are women who know of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They know because they have taken it and have been helped. Why don't you give it a trial?

Early on Monday morning Bob reported for work, only to receive from Mr. Crosset, whom he had always regarded as a warm friend, the notice of his discharge.

"What's the matter? Didn't I make good?" he demanded.

Crosset was a young man; more than once he and Bob had scandalized Broadway; some of their exploits were epic. Now he shrugged carelessly, saying:

"Oh, you made good, I guess; but we can't take a chance with you."

"I suppose you're afraid I'll steal some of your chalk."

Crosset grinned, then deponed with extreme gravity: "Bob, you drink. You're unsteady in your habits. It's too bad, but we can't."

"I don't drink as much as you do."

"Nobody does; but that's beside the question."

One Way Out.

"As a matter of fact, I've quit."

This announcement drew a hearty chuckle. "You're a great comedian, Bob," said Crosset.

After surveying his friend for a moment Bob responded with great earnestness: "But you're not."

This failed to hand me a laugh. Now tell me, how did you wet your feet, and whence comes the icy draft?"

"Well, from the direction of Pittsburgh, if you must know. It seems you are an undesirable citizen, Bob—a dangerous character. There's a can tied to you, and we can't afford to antagonize the whole Steel trust."

"I see. I'm afraid I'll have to disown that father of mine."

"What's the trouble, anyhow?"

At Bob's explanation Crosset whistled. "Funny I didn't hear about it. Married and happy, eh? Well, I'm sorry I can't help you."

"You can."

"Lend me five hundred."

"Certainly!" Crosset lunged at his desk, scribbled a line to the cashier, and handed it to Bob, then, in response to a call from the customers' room, dashed away with a hearty farewell.

As Bob passed through the outer office he ran his eye over the opening prices, being half inclined to "scalp" with his sudden wealth; but luck had never run his way, and he reconsidered. Anyhow, there were more agreeable uses to which he could put this money; for one thing he needed several suits, for another it was high time he gave Lorelei some little remembrance—he hadn't given her a present in nearly two weeks, and women set great store by such attentions.

He decided to invest his money in Maiden Lane and demand credit from his tailor. But a half-hour at a jewelry shop convinced him that nothing suitable to so splendid a creature as his wife could be purchased for a paltry five hundred dollars, and he was upon the point of returning to Crosset with a request to double the loan when his common sense asserted itself. Poverty was odious, but not shameful; he reflected; ostentation, on the other hand, was vulgar. Would it not be in bad taste to squander this happy windfall upon jewelry when Lorelei needed practical things?

Bob was cheered by the breadth of these sentiments; they showed that he was beginning soberly to realize the leader responsibilities of a family man. No, instead of a jewel he would buy his wife a dog.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

There are some interesting lessons for the parents and teachers of America in the strange performance of these high school cadets. The first is that the most drastic sort of reform among boys is self-directed reform. In the usual case, we try to whip the boys into being good, and we fail. They simply refuse to be forced. But once they deliberate among themselves and solemnly decree their own reformation, we find that member who dares break away from the rule. His punishment is sure and swift.

The forces of true reformation are within the human heart and mind. We, the teachers of the young, must discover these hidden powers of self-control, must help the young to form the connecting link between desire and execution, and thus prepare the way for a clean, self-corrective and self-reliant society among the growing generation.

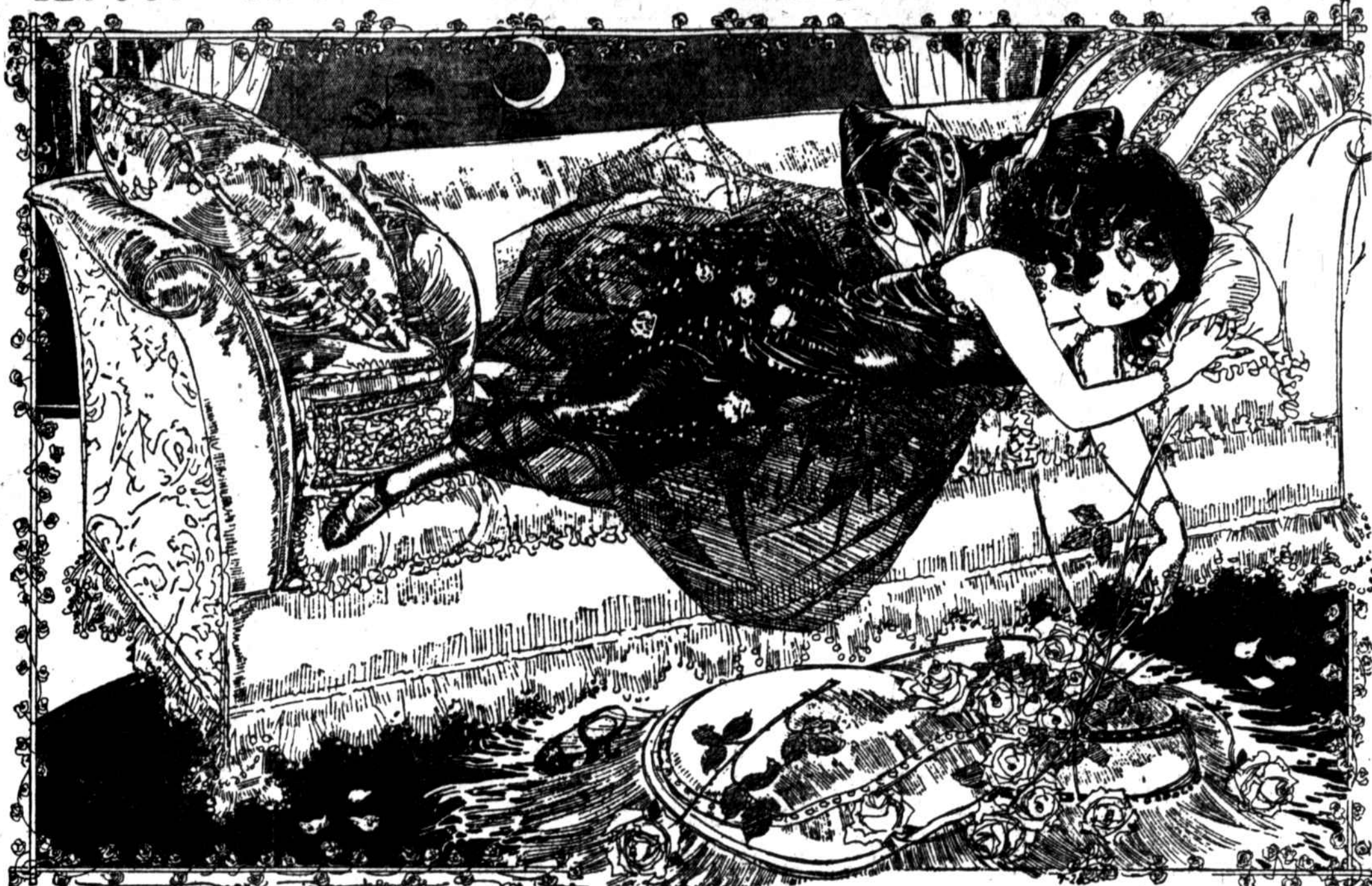
Shabby leather bags may be improved in appearance by being rubbed with the well-beaten white of an egg, and then with a polish of beeswax and turpentine, the final rubbing being given with a soft clean cloth.

To clean white paint, take a cloth wrung out of warm water and dip it all off with Cuticura Soap. Rub the paint with this, and then wash off with clean water. Polish with a dry duster. Never clean white paint with soap or soda.

### After the Ball

The Tired Butterfly

DRAWN BY NELL BRINKLEY



### FUNERAL OF A CIGARETTE

By W. A. McKeever

By Dr. W. A. McKeever,

Widely Known Lecturer and Author and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

THERE was a sound of muffled drums and an air of deflection while a company of high school cadets swung into line to perform the last sad rites over the remains of a departed friend. In lowered voice the command was given, the pall bearers lifted the black casket, and while a dirge was played by the cadet band the procession moved out for the final obsequies.

At a secluded place the company suddenly halted and gently placed upon a funeral pyre the shriveled remains of a cigarette.

And, while in form of a mock funeral, these boys of a certain city high school were parting company with their boon companion, the significant fact appeared that they were in deepest earnest. They were vowing a permanent abandonment of the "rag." A basket was passed along the line and therein was deposited the "making" from every pocket. There was to be a general clean-up. After a lively discussion it was voted "not to permit a member who broke his anti-try vow to hold any office in his class or his school or to play on any athletic team."

Two weeks later I was walking down the street near this high school of cadet anti-cigaretteists. A big, husky sophomore drew up. "How's football?" I asked. "Nothing doing. They put me off the team for smoking cigarettes." Was the strange reply. "But, you bet I have now cut it out for good," he added.

There are some interesting lessons for the parents and teachers of America in the strange performance of these high school cadets. The first is that the most drastic sort of reform among boys is self-directed reform. In the usual case, we try to whip the boys into being good, and we fail. They simply refuse to be forced. But once they deliberate among themselves and solemnly decree their own reformation, we find that member who dares break away from the rule. His punishment is sure and swift.

The forces of true reformation are within the human heart and mind. We, the teachers of the young, must discover these hidden powers of self-control, must help the young to form the connecting link between desire and execution, and thus prepare the way for a clean, self-corrective and self-reliant society among the growing generation.

### HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Shabby leather bags may be improved in appearance by being rubbed with the well-beaten white of an egg, and then with a polish of beeswax and turpentine, the final rubbing being given with a soft clean cloth.

THERE is a tall-stemmed, huge pink rose grows alongside the sanded walk in my old home in California. It looks like a young girl. Like a princess. Like Cinderella at the ball. It is so flushed, so fragrant, so graceful; it nods and beckons and shakes light spears of crimson, burning blue, and smoldering violet, and blazing yellow light from the deep jewels that are like crystal beads around a young girl's throat.

It looks like a young girl at a ball. It looks glad to be dressed up. There isn't any thrill in all the world—for a little young girl—like the first dances—the first big balls. She will never feel—in any dress in all the rest of a long life—when there may be more gorgeous dresses—as she is so happily happy as she does in a new dress—the best dress—as new as a Christmas gift in tissue paper, new silk stockings that crackle and shine, new sandals, flawless, brocade, finer little slippers than she ever had before, with a jeweled button that sparkles when she turns her foot before her mirror—she will never feel—in any other dress or little shoes as "gone" with happiness as she does in the frocks she wears to her first big dance!

And the dreams that come after! No dreams that come after can ever be so strange, so fragile—fragile as one of the flushed pink petals of the rose. HE gave her—so delicate, without touch or breath of earth or reality, as the first half-frightened dreams that hover in a young girl's heart and head—after the ball. No man that follows can ever be so unselfishly admired—without rhyme or reason—so ardently gazed at with concealed

glances—so believed in—as the twenty-year-old MAN who holds a young girl's bewitched thoughts for one whole, enchanted evening.

For these are the loves that only adore the turn of a head, the blue of an eye, the turn of a smile, that do not even perhaps come to a touching of hands ever, that do not even think of the word—"marriage," that find the sight of the beloved one enough.

We never go back to just that sort of thrill over a new frock, a first dance, brand new slippers, the first adored school boy lover. Other more gorgeous frocks come, other more dazzling dances, scores of new slippers—and other lovers. And deeper loves.

The last great love we know—in our marriage—is more perfect, more marvelous, wider, deeper than those obscure, flower-like infatuations we left behind us long ago. But some folks insist on sighing like a furnace for first slippers and first loves. They cannot hear "old folks at home" and like it, without wishing really and desperately for their youth. So that is why, I think, because we cannot go back over—that the great Arranger of things means us all to marry happily, and to have children, so that when we die we are not DEAD, but go on living—a part of us—to dance again at our first balls, to thrill again over new frocks, new sights, first loves.

And that one who dies without a child left behind will never get to live Youth over—that one is dead as a once-thought-of and now forgotten idea. They were a butterfly once. But they will never be one again!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

glances—so believed in—as the twenty-year-old MAN who holds a young girl's bewitched thoughts for one whole, enchanted evening.

For these are the loves that only adore the turn of a head, the blue of an eye, the turn of a smile, that do not even perhaps come to a touching of hands ever, that do not even think of the word—"marriage," that find the sight of the beloved one enough.

We never go back to just that sort of thrill over a new frock, a first dance, brand new slippers, the first adored school boy lover. Other more gorgeous frocks come, other more dazzling dances, scores of new slippers—and other lovers. And deeper loves.

glances—so believed in—as the twenty-year-old MAN who holds a young girl's bewitched thoughts for one whole, enchanted evening.

For these are the loves that only adore the turn of a head, the blue of an eye, the turn of a smile, that do not even perhaps come to a touching of hands ever, that do not even think of the word—"marriage," that find the sight of the beloved one enough.

We never go back to just that sort of thrill over a new frock, a first dance, brand new slippers, the first adored school boy lover. Other more gorgeous frocks come, other more dazzling dances, scores of new slippers—and other lovers. And deeper loves.

The last great love we know—in our marriage—is more perfect, more marvelous, wider, deeper than those obscure, flower-like infatuations we left behind us long ago. But some folks insist on sighing like a furnace for first slippers and first loves. They cannot hear "old folks at home" and like it, without wishing really and desperately for their youth. So that is why, I think, because we cannot go back over—that the great Arranger of things means us all to marry happily, and to have children, so that when we die we are not DEAD, but go on living—a part of us—to dance again at our first balls, to thrill again over new frocks, new sights, first loves.

And that one who dies without a child left behind will never get to live Youth over—that one is dead as a once-thought-of and now forgotten idea. They were a butterfly once. But they will never be one again!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

glances—so believed in—as the twenty-year-old MAN who holds a young girl's bewitched thoughts for one whole, enchanted evening.

For these are the loves that only adore the turn of a head, the blue of an eye, the turn of a smile, that do not even perhaps come to a touching of hands ever, that do not even think of the word—"marriage," that find the sight of the beloved one enough.

We never go back to just that sort of thrill over a new frock, a first dance, brand new slippers, the first adored school boy lover. Other more gorgeous frocks come, other more dazzling dances, scores of new slippers—and other lovers. And deeper loves.

The last great love we know—in our marriage—is more perfect, more marvelous, wider, deeper than those obscure, flower-like infatuations we left behind us long ago. But some folks insist on sighing like a furnace for first slippers and first loves. They cannot hear "old folks at home" and like it, without wishing really and desperately for their youth. So that is why, I think, because we cannot go back over—that the great Arranger of things means us all to marry happily, and to have children, so that when we die we are not DEAD, but go on living—a part of us—to dance again at our first balls, to thrill again over new frocks, new sights, first loves.

And that one who dies without a child left behind will never get to live Youth over—that one is dead as a once-thought-of and now forgotten idea. They were a butterfly once. But they will never be one again!

### DO YOU EAT ENOUGH?

By Brice Belden, M. D.

THE physical and intellectual efficiency of the human race is lessened wherever under-nutrition exists. The ability to do manual labor is interfered with as a first result. Fatigue comes on more rapidly than it normally would.

Even people leading sedentary lives are markedly weakened when undernourished as regards the muscular activities necessary for the purposes of life. The love of sport and of roaming about is lost, children cease to play, and a person avoids as far as possible all bodily exertion.

Through the power of the will, or by reason of some extraordinary inspiration, undernourished individuals may overcome the sensation of fatigue for a certain length of time in order to accomplish a definite result, as exemplified by military exploits. But the accomplishment of work in the dull, monotonous grind of civilian life is a very different matter.

The ability to do mental work finally suffers. Under ordinary circumstances the assimilation of food and the expenditure of muscular energy are increased by the love of accomplishment, the power of performance, and the note of personal initiative, but when there is undernourishment, these phenomena are absent. There is such listlessness that an intellectual worker may have to perform his tasks in bed.

Malnutrition is known to be widespread among children and adults alike, and poverty is by no means the only cause of this condition. Undernourishment has been noted by Blunt and Bauer of the University of Chicago among college students, and Emerson, of Boston, has observed it very frequently among the children of the rich.

The trouble with many thin, nervous, ambitious folks is that for one reason or another they are hardly eating enough for their daily needs, and certainly not enough for any marked gain in weight.

### Deer Antlers

DEER lose their antlers each year and new ones grow, except in cases of accident. If antlers have been broken off, it would depend upon the nature of the injury. The bone may be injured in such a manner that a new antler would not grow.

### A Product of Mind, Spirit

By Beatrice Fairfax

Who Occupies a Unique Position As an Authority on the Problems of Love and Romance.

"CHARM," said the lawyer, with an air of assurance, "is grace. A gracious manner, a graceful mind reaching out to interest itself in the problems of others, a low, gracious voice, and a graceful bearing—if a woman has these, can she fail to be charming?"

Since charm is the thing all girls long to possess, and which most people find it impossible to define, it is worth our while to consider the views of anyone who feels that he has solved the problem of how to be charming.

As the lawyer spoke, I thought of the most charming woman I ever knew. All who met her loved her. She married the man of her choice and kept his devotion to the day of her death. Her friends were legion. Her life was happy. She is remembered today, though it is three years since she left us. And her undisputed and universally admired charm came of qualities no one who ever met her could fail to recognize.

Let us see how nearly the lawyer's definition of charm fitted her. This woman's manner was gracious and friendly. She met people without self-consciousness or awkwardness or an air of criticism. She liked folks and she was so eager to know them and to help them that she never thought of herself. Her mind was ever ready to interest itself in the ideas and plans of others. She was eager to give, but never dogmatic about forcing her theories on others.

Her voice was beautifully modulated, low and sweet. Her carriage and bearing were noble, though she was neither tall nor slender, she held herself with poise and dignity.

She had cultivated her mind and her spirit all during her life. She interested herself in all that went on about her. And though she had no great beauty of feature nor of figure, her healthy appearance, neatness, spontaneity and good taste gave her an arresting quality which many beautiful women lack.

Character and grace were the keystones of her nature. And the result was charm.

I wonder if any woman who will trouble to cultivate her mind and her ideals and her manner cannot achieve charm?

Charm is not a mysterious compound of magnetism and beauty and lure. It is a product of mind and spirit.

The girl of today frequently fancies that to be charming she must dress garishly, illuminate her beauty with radical touches and be so gay and so daring that she will stimulate men to desire her. But she is deceived and being admired is not the same thing. And desire does not survive its fulfillment unless there is a solid foundation of admiration and devotion behind it.

Anyone can cultivate grace of mind and body. I wonder if the woman who does develop in grace and in graciousness will ever fail of charm?

### ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Two years ago I met a wonderful girl in my place of business, and a warm friendship quickly sprang up between us. As time went on our intentions grew more serious and we had planned to become engaged this summer.

Things didn't go very well, as I lost a good position and was forced to accept another job at half the salary.

An older brother married last Christmas, which threw the burden of supporting my parents on me. My father is elderly and broken in health. I have come to realize that as a much as I love the girl it would be selfish to neglect my father and mother. I told her and she cried over it; but what can I do? ANXIOUS.

You did the right thing. And it was the only thing to do. You are young, and in any case it would be unwise to choose a life partner until you are more mature and settled in your ways. Your ideals will change with the years, and the girl and you might easily grow apart. The little hurt you gave her now was honest and decent and clean. You couldn't hold her when things are so uncertain and, above all, you couldn't desert your parents. There would have been no peace of joy in falling in your duty.

—ICED—  
**"SALADA"**  
 Tea is a delicious and fatigue destroying summer beverage — inexpensive and healthful.